

What with our helpe, what with the absent King,  
 What with the injuries of wanton time,  
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
 And the contrarious windes that helde the King  
 So long in the vnluckie *Irish* Warres,  
 That all in *England* did repute him dead;  
 And from his swarme of faire aduantages,  
 You tooke occasion to be quickly wooed,  
 To gripe the generall sway into your hand,  
 Forgot your oath to vs at *Doncaster*;  
 And being fed by vs, you vs' de vs so,  
 As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird,  
 Vseth the Sparrow, did oppresse our nest,  
 Grew by our feeding, to so great a bulke,  
 That euen our loue durst not come neare your sight  
 For feare of swallowing: but with nimble wing  
 We were inforst for safety sake, to flie  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head,  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such meanes  
 As you your selfe haue forg'd against your selfe,  
 By vnkind vsage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Swore to vs in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things indeede, you haue articulate,  
 Proclaymed at Market crosses, read in Churches,  
 To face the garment of Rebellion,  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poore discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes  
 Of hurly burly innouocation:  
 And neuer yet did insurrection want  
 Such water colours, to impaint his cause;  
 Nor muddy Beggars, starving for a time,  
 Of pel-mell hauocke and confusion.

*Prin.* In both your Armes, there is many a soule  
 Shall pay full dearely for this encounter.  
 If once they ioyne in tryall, tell your Nephew,  
 The Prince of *Wales* doth ioyne with all the world

In praise of *Henry Percy*: by my hopes  
 This present enterprise set of his head,  
 I doe not thinke a brauer Gentleman,  
 More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong,  
 More daring, or more bould, is now aliue,  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds:  
 For my part, I may speake it to my shame,  
 I haue a trewant been to Chiuallrie,  
 And so I heare he doth account me too;  
 Yet this before my Fathers Maiestie,  
 I am content that he shall take the ods  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will to saue the bloud on either sied,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*King.* And, *Prince of Wales*, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit, considerations infinite  
 Doe make against it: No good *Worcester*, no,  
 Weeloue our people well; euen those we loue  
 That are misled vpon your Coosens Parr:  
 And will they take the offer of our Grace,  
 Both hee, and they, and you yea every man,  
 Shall bee my friend againe, and Ile be his.  
 So tell your Coosen, and bring me word,  
 What he will doe. But if he will not yeelds  
 Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,  
 And they shall doe their office. So be gone,  
 We will not now bee troubled with reply,  
 We offer faire, take it aduisedly.

*Exit Worcester.*

*Prin.* It will not be accepted, on my life,  
 The *Dowglas* and the *Hotspur* both together,  
 Are confident against the world in armes.

*King.* Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,  
 For on their answer will we set on them;

And God befriend vs, as our cause is iust. *Exeunt. manent*

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me downe in the Battle *Prin. Fal.*  
 And bestride me so, tis a point of friendship,

*Prin.* Nothing but a *Colossus* can doe thee that friendship.  
 Say thy prayers, and farewell.